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VOL.9-N010

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TARGET HITS AND MISSES



Editors' Page

THE EDITORS WRITE:

Dear Readers:

Have you seen the Red Feather posted and displayed round about your community during this month of October? Perhaps you've wondered what was behind it all? Well, Community Chests of America have made this Red Feather a coast-to-coast symbol of identification for the Red Feather Services, which Community Chest supports, and from which everybody benefits.

What is a Red Feather Service? There are some 12,000 Red Feather Services supported by Chests, including such worthy agencies as, summer camps, scouting, maternity and child care, family counseling, nursing, aid to the handicapped and aged, Y's, clinics, Salvation Army, and so many more. Each of the 12,000 Red Feather Services would have to conduct a separate drive for funds were it not for the once-a-year united effort under the symbol of the Red Feather.

So, remember the Feather,
Support the Chest!
If everyone helps
From East to West

From North to South
We'll all enroll.
We'll do our bit
And reach the goal.

Cordially yours,
The Editors

THE READERS WRITE:

Dear Editors:

Since I was a small boy I have always enjoyed reading comic books in my spare time. Even today, although I attend college, I can still find relaxation in reading comic books. I must confess that I never read your magazine until quite recently when I happened to pick up your April issue. I can truthfully say that I enjoyed it. Every story is well written and the drawings are excellent.

My younger brother is trailing his other books, trying hard to get as many TARGET COMICS as he can. You have found two new fans. Keep up the good work—and our sincerest wishes for your continued success.

A satisfied new reader,
Jack Cohen
Bronx, New York

We are glad to hear that college students find TARGET interesting as well as well written, Jack.

* * *

Dear Editors:

In the March 1948 issue of TARGET COMICS you asked your readers some questions, and I am going to answer them.

Question 1: Should "Gary Stark" be complete in every issue?

Answer 1: I think it would be nicer, as we here in Germany don't get every month's TARGET.

Question 2: Would you like fewer features in TARGET?

Answer 2: I would like fewer features, and I think you could exclude "Speck, Spot & Sis" as the "Targetoons" fill the hole completely.

May I now send along a little criticism?

"The Cadet" . . . the best strip in the book, could be longer.

"Target and the Targeteers" . . . Very good but also too short.

"Candid Charlie" . . . Very nice and, although funny, lifelike.

"Gary Stark" . . . Sometimes a bit supernatural, could be longer too.

I admire the "Q's and A's" greatly. They are marvelous in their educational value. Please don't cut them down.

A faithful reader,
J. E. Eisert
Offenbach a. Main
U. S. Zone, Germany

In answer to 1, 2, we should like to make all our strips longer, but we haven't the space.

* *

Dear Editors:

When I crave a good comic book, I buy TARGET COMICS. I just love it, and where else can one get relief from the pressing worries of these days? It is my magic "blues chaser".

TARGET adds up to the biggest

dime's worth on the newsstand. It sure fills the bill for me.

Yours sincerely,
Mrs. T. A. Kleinhagen
Hazelton, Pennsylvania

We are always in need of relaxation and we are happy to know that TARGET does this for you, Mrs. Kleinhagen.

* * *

The Editors:

I read TARGET COMICS nearly all the time. I sincerely like it.

I have been in the hospital for the last week. My wife and children have been bringing the book to me. Of all the characters in TARGET, I like "The Cadet" and "Gary Stark" the best.

My children, Arnold and Eugene, just love this book. They don't agree with me that "Gary Stark" is better than "Target and the Targeteers". I am thirty-eight years old. I think that TARGET is the best known comic book in our neighborhood.

Sincerely,
Boyd Pearson, Jr.
Beaumont, Texas

P.S. The questions and answers are wonderful, for they teach us many things.

The editors hope that you have recovered completely from your illness, Boyd.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

Printed in the U.S.A.

THE CADET

Featuring **KIT CARTER**



SINISTER STRANGER WHO STALKS THE DAUNTON CAMPUS IS SNATCHED FROM CERTAIN DEATH BY KIT CARTER!

QUICK, DAN,
HAUL AWAY! THE
WALL'S GOING!

DAN MERRY ESCORTS LULU SCOTT HOME AFTER A SCHOOL DANCE, HIS MIND ON ONE THING!

O BOY! HOPE
I RATE A
COUPLA
GOOD NIGHT
KISSES.

Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager
Katharine Urban, Story Editor; Mel Cummin, Art Director

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I'VE GOT A CREEPY FEELING THAT SOMEBODY'S FOLLOWING US!

AW, LULU, RELAX. DON'T WASTE THIS ROMANTIC NIGHT.

SUDDENLY, LULU SEES A MAN RISE UP FROM BEHIND THE SHRUBS.

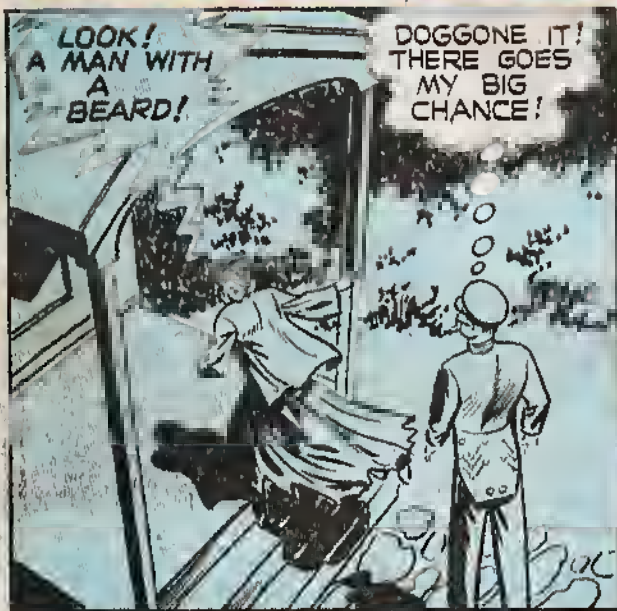
EEEEEEK!

HEY! WHAT'S WRONG? I'M NOT THAT BAD!



LOOK! A MAN WITH A BEARD!

DOGGONE IT! THERE GOES MY BIG CHANCE!



GOLLY! LULU WASN'T KIDDING!



DAN LOOKS AT THE WINDOW, AND SEES...

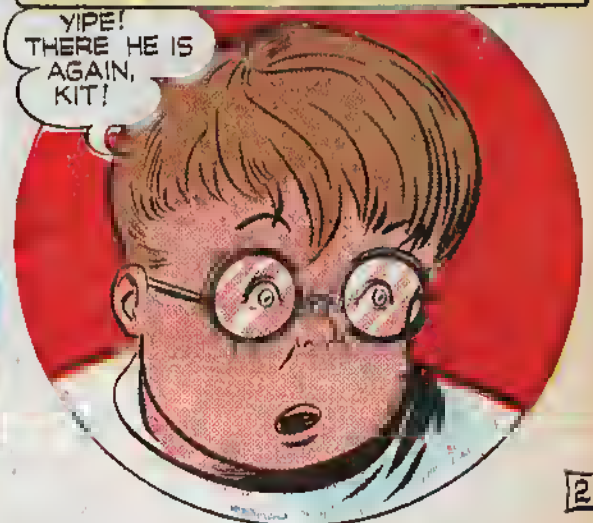
BACK AT THE DAUNTON DORMITORY, DAN TELLS HIS STORY TO KIT...

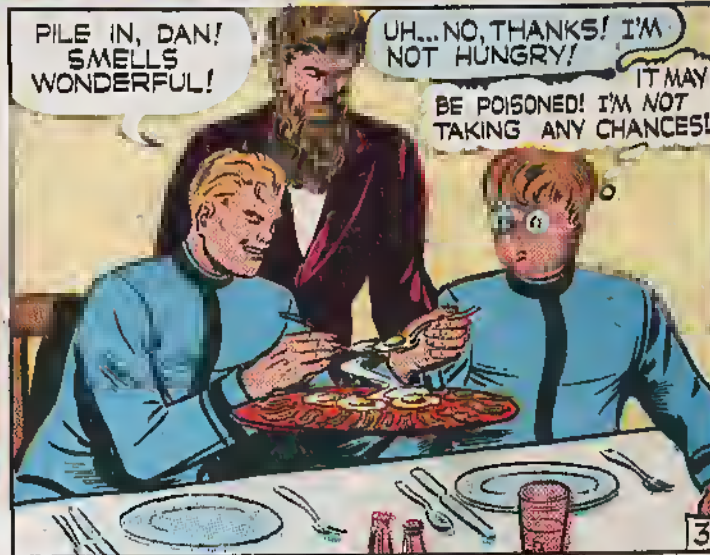
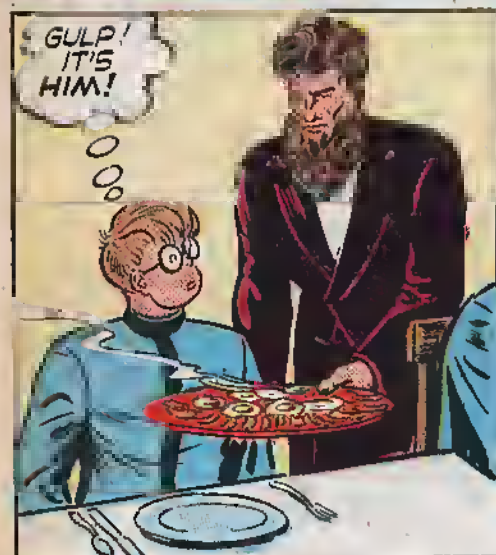
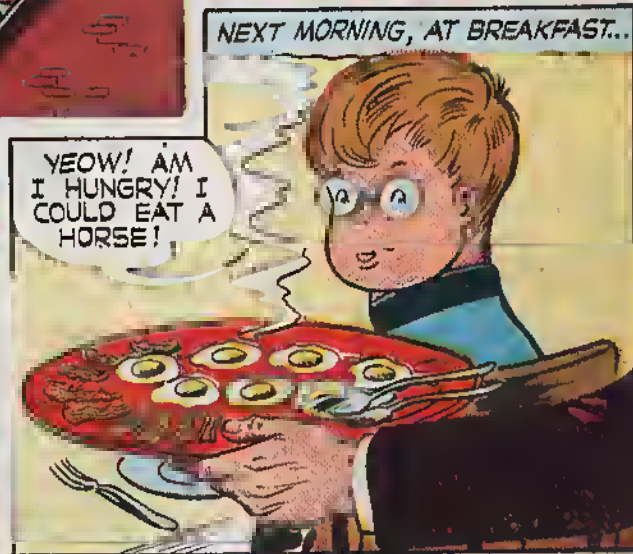
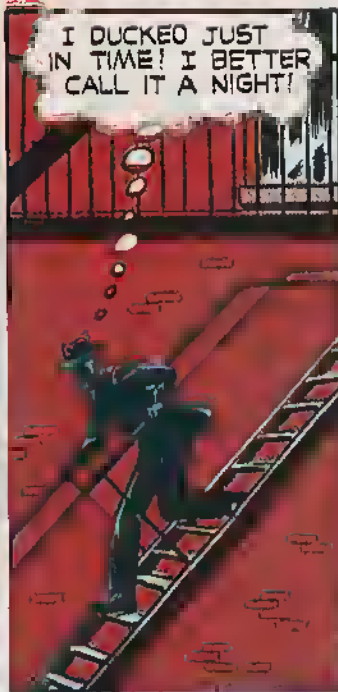
THE SHADOWS MUST HAVE PLAYED TRICKS WITH YOU, DAN.

I TELL YOU I SAW HIM, KIT! HE LOOKED LIKE A KILLER OR SOMETHING!



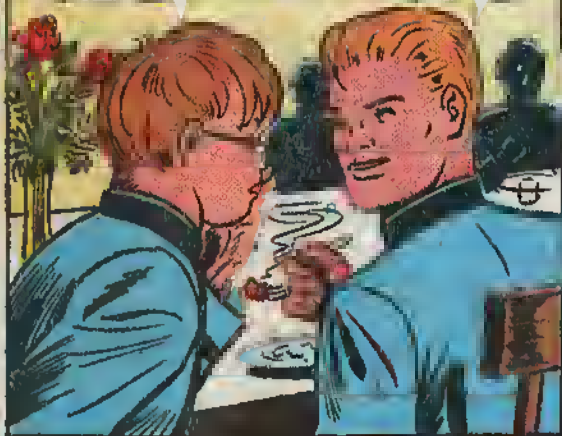
YIPE! THERE HE IS AGAIN, KIT!





HSST! DON'T EAT IT!
THE WAITER'S THE GUY
I TOLD YOU ABOUT!

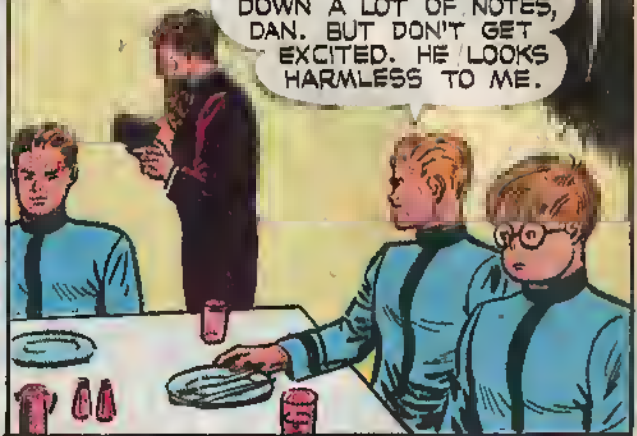
SO WHAT?
I'M
HUNGRY!



KIT EATS AND ENJOYS HIS BREAKFAST.

THREE GLASSES OF WATER FOR ME!
WHAT A BREAKFAST!

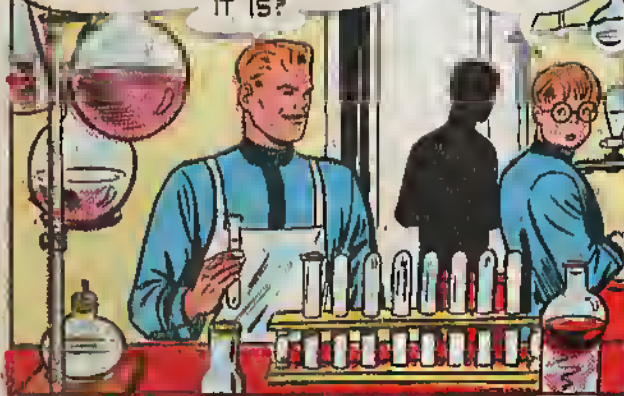
YOUR FRIEND IS TAKING
DOWN A LOT OF NOTES,
DAN. BUT DON'T GET
EXCITED. HE LOOKS
HARMLESS TO ME.



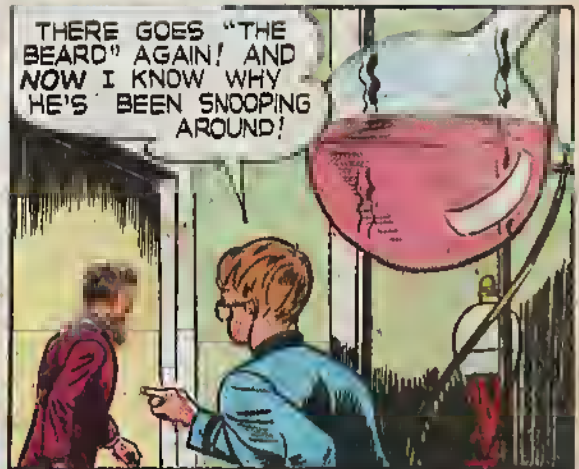
LATER, KIT AND DAN WORK IN
PROFESSOR DABBLE'S CHEMISTRY CLASS.

I HEAR PROFESSOR DABBLE
HAS COMPLETED HIS NEW
INVENTION. WONDER WHAT
IT IS?

A SECRET
WEAPON,
I BET!

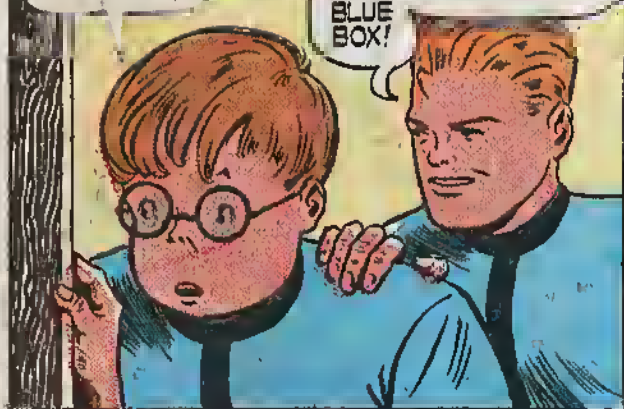


THERE GOES "THE
BEARD" AGAIN! AND
NOW I KNOW WHY
HE'S BEEN SNOOPING
AROUND!



HE'S TRYING TO
PICK UP INFORMATION
ABOUT PROFESSOR
DABBLE'S SECRET
WEAPON!

CALM DOWN, DAN!
ALL YOU KNOW
ABOUT DABBLE'S
INVENTION IS THAT IT
COMES IN A LITTLE
BLUE
BOX!

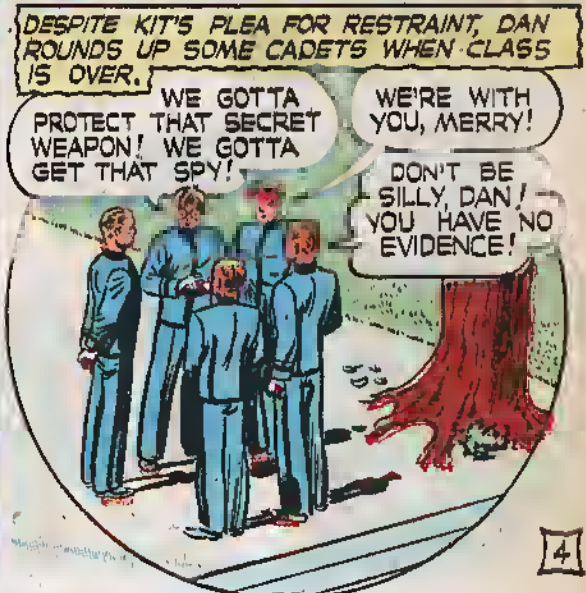


DESPITE KIT'S PLEA FOR RESTRAINT, DAN
ROUNDS UP SOME CADETS WHEN CLASS
IS OVER.

WE GOTTA
PROTECT THAT SECRET
WEAPON! WE GOTTA
GET THAT SPY!

WE'RE WITH
YOU, MERRY!

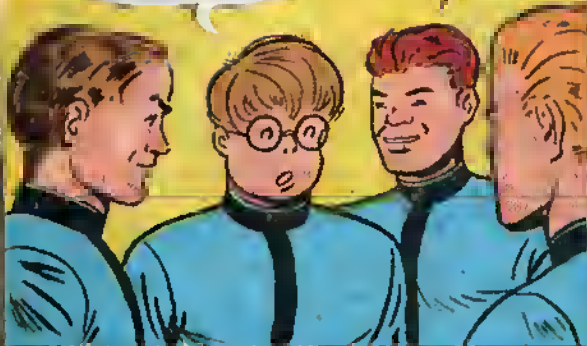
DON'T BE
SILLY, DAN!
YOU HAVE NO
EVIDENCE!



A: The male deer is the buck and the female is the doe.

EVIDENCE, EH? WELL, IF HE COMES OUT OF THE CHEM BUILDING WITH A LITTLE BLUE BOX, WE'LL KNOW HE'S STOLEN THE WEAPON!

YEAH, BUT WE WON'T LET HIM GET FAR WITH IT!



MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE BUILDING...

I WANT TO GIVE YOU A SAMPLE OF MY NEW INVENTION!

THANK YOU, PROFESSOR DABBLE



IT'S A NEW SHAMPOO! ON CONTACT WITH WATER IT FIZZES UP INTO A THICK, FOAMY LATHER!



SOON...

HE'S GOT IT! C'MON, GANG!

WAIT, DAN! GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN!



SOCK THE SPY!

OUT OF THE WAY, CARTER! HE MAY PULL SOMETHING WITH THAT SECRET WEAPON!

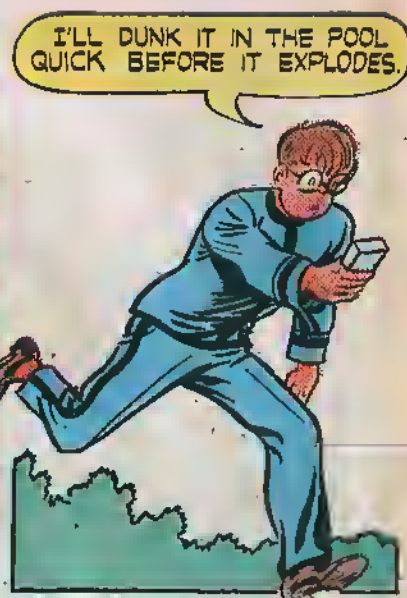
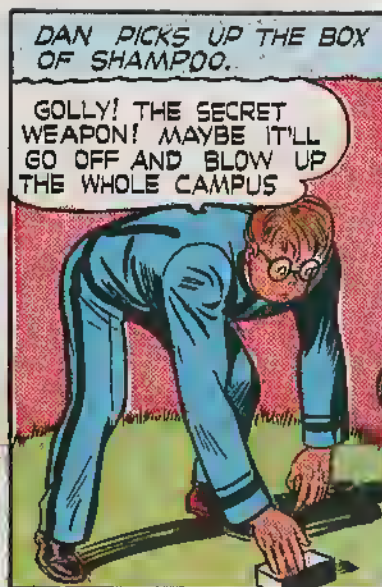
GULP!



GREAT SCOTT! I'VE FACED CHARGING LIONS IN MY DAY, BUT THIS IS TOO MUCH!



Q.2 In picture 2 what is the glass object at the left and what is in the top of it?



MEANWHILE, COLONEL TILGHMAN IS PROUDLY SHOWING OFF THE DAUNTON CAMPUS TO VISITORS.

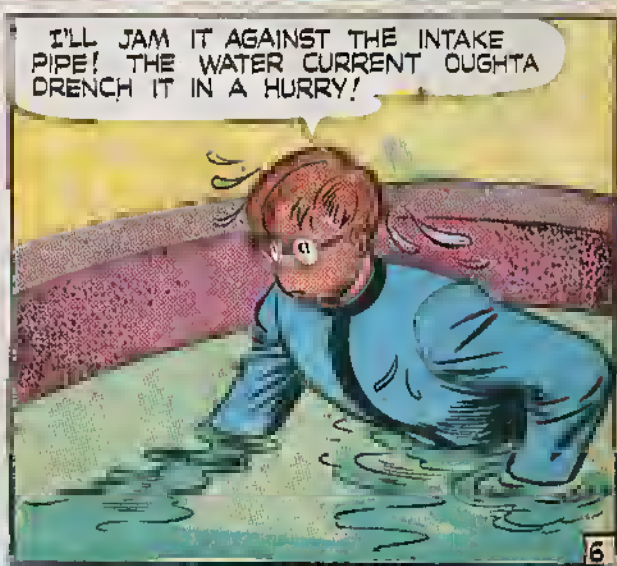
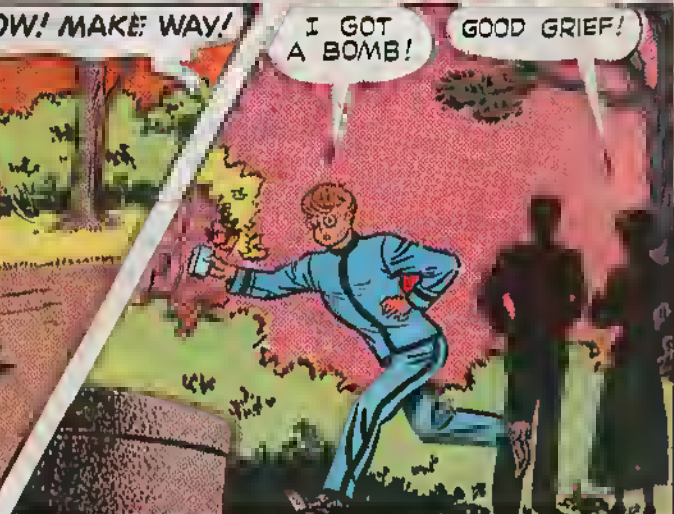
WE ARE ESPECIALLY PLEASED WITH THE ORDERLY, DIGNIFIED CONDUCT OF OUR CADETS!



YEDOW! MAKE WAY!

I GOT A BOMB!

GOOD GRIEF!



A 2 For chemical use it is called a beaker and that's a funnel in the top of it.

TO DAN'S AMAZEMENT, THE SHAMPOO FIZZES UP!

GOSH! WHAT IS THIS? A BUBBLE BATH?

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS OUTRAGE, CADET MERRY?

WELL-UH-- COLONEL TILGHMAN, I DECIDED THAT MAN WITH A BEARD IS A SPY!

THE FELLOWS ARE RUNNING HIM OFF THE CAMPUS! THAT'LL SHOW HIM!

MAN WITH A BEARD! BY JUPITER! YOU MEAN SINKLER HEMINGBECK, THE FAMOUS AUTHOR? HE'S HERE GATHERING MATERIAL FOR A NEW NOVEL!

HURRY, MERRY, STOP THEM! IF HEMINGBECK HAS BEEN HUMILIATED I'LL HAVE YOU EXPELLED!

GULP! MAYBE I CAN STILL SAVE HIM!

WELL! MY GOODNESS!

MEANWHILE, THE CHASE CONTINUES.

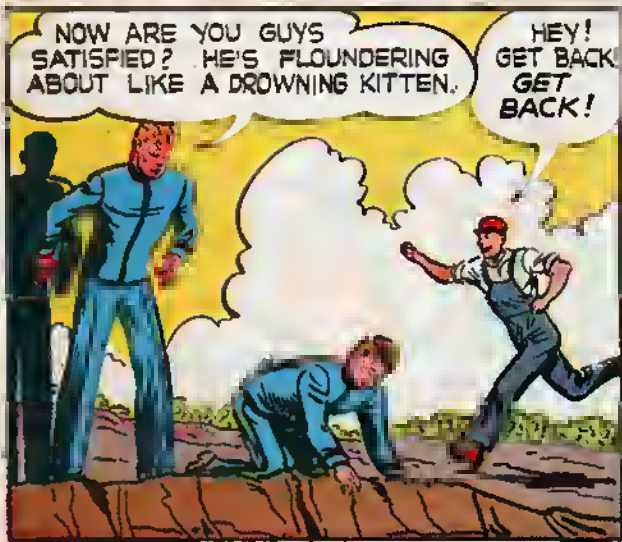
I MUSTN'T LET THOSE YOUNG DEMONS CATCH ME!

CAUTION
STONE QUARRY
AHEAD
BLASTING
Danger!

THE AUTHOR TUMBLES FIFTY FEET INTO A POOL AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OLD QUARRY!

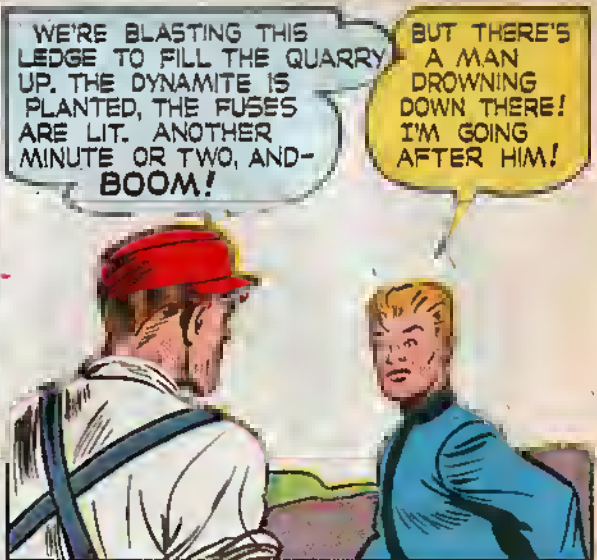
HELP!

HELP!
I CAN'T SWIM!



NOW ARE YOU GUYS SATISFIED? HE'S FLOUNDERING ABOUT LIKE A DROWNING KITTEN.

HEY! GET BACK GET BACK!



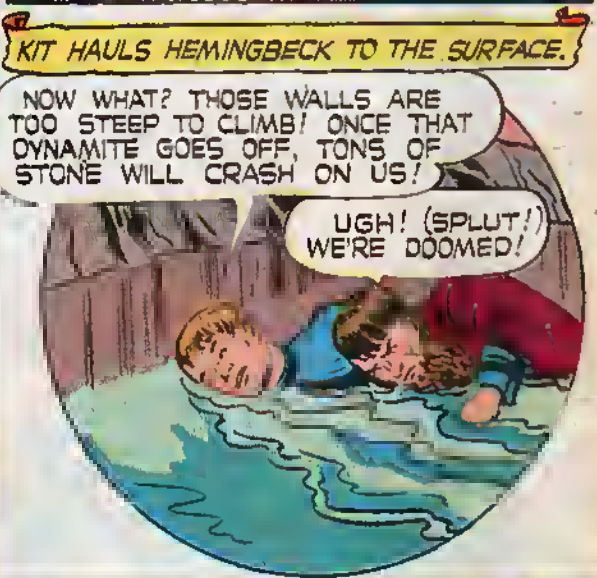
WE'RE BLASTING THIS LEDGE TO FILL THE QUARRY UP. THE DYNAMITE IS PLANTED, THE FUSES ARE LIT. ANOTHER MINUTE OR TWO, AND-BOOM!

BUT THERE'S A MAN DROWNING DOWN THERE! I'M GOING AFTER HIM!



HEY! YOU CAN'T! YOU'LL BE KILLED TOO, YOU MANIAC!

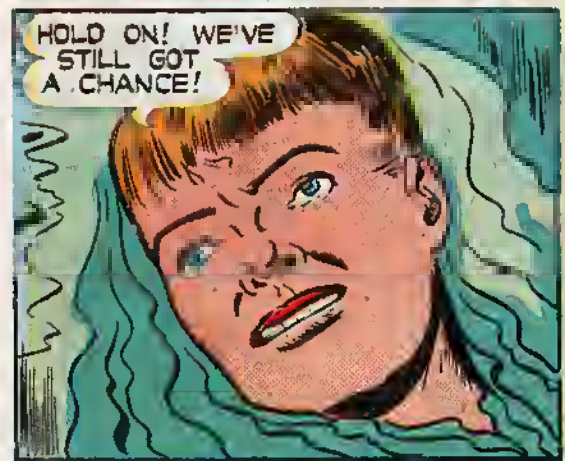
BUT I'VE GOT TO TRY TO SAVE HIM!



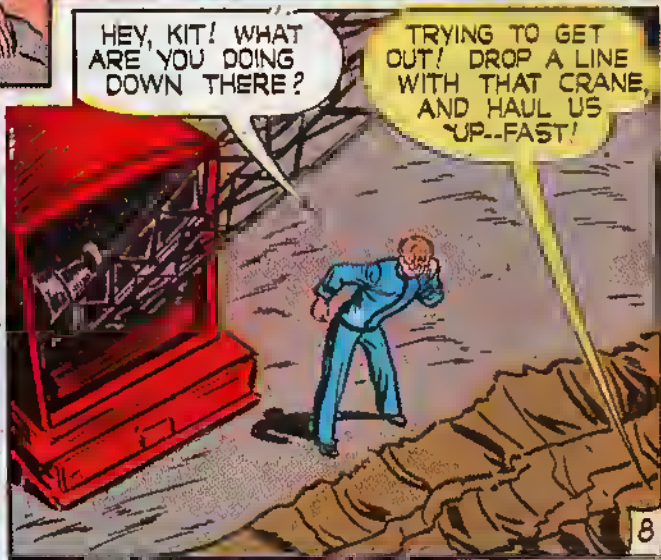
KIT HAULS HEMINGBECK TO THE SURFACE.

NOW WHAT? THOSE WALLS ARE TOO STEEP TO CLIMB! ONCE THAT DYNAMITE GOES OFF, TONS OF STONE WILL CRASH ON US!

UGH! (SPLUT!) WE'RE DOOMED!



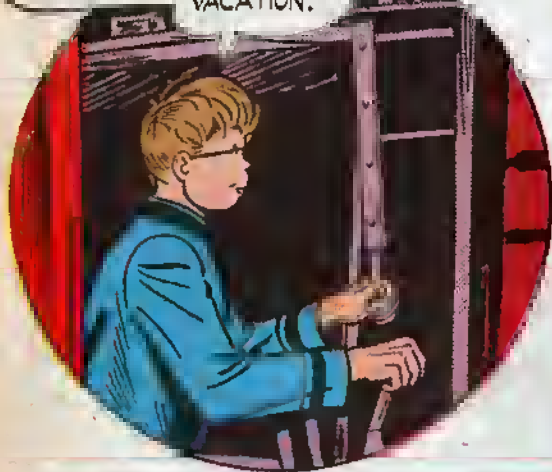
HOLD ON! WE'VE STILL GOT A CHANCE!



HEY, KIT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN THERE?

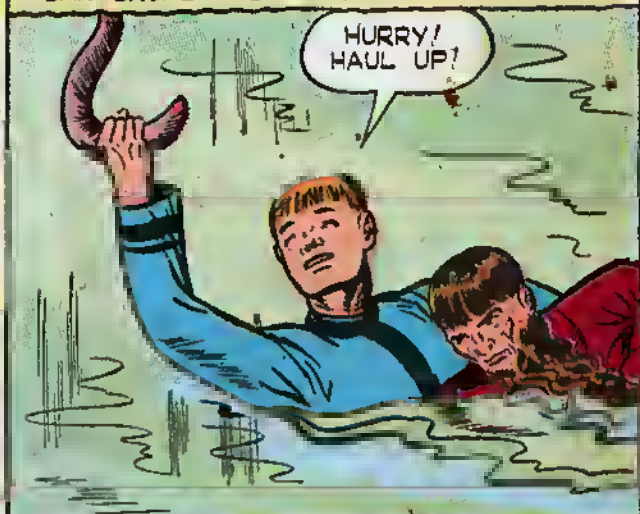
TRYING TO GET OUT! DROP A LINE WITH THAT CRANE, AND HAUL US UP--FAST!

GOOD THING I WORKED
ONE OF THESE DURING
VACATION.

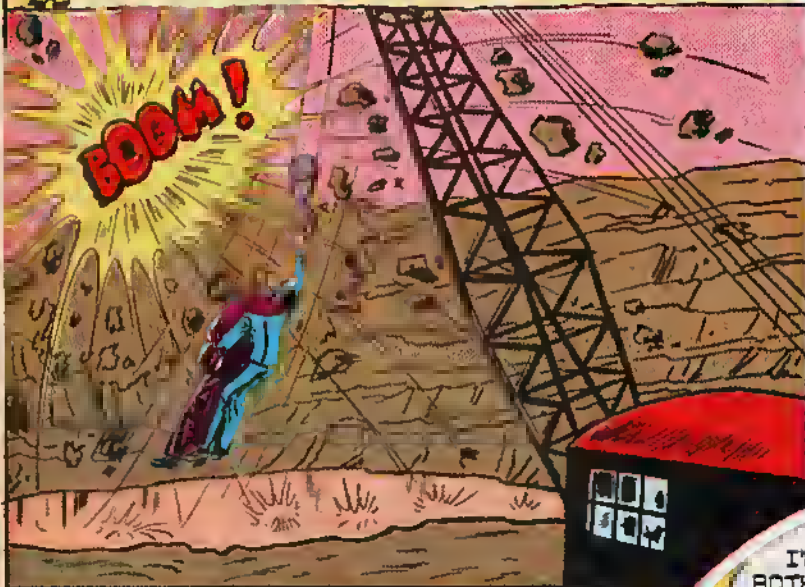


DAN DROPS A LINE TO KIT.

HURRY!
HAUL UP!



AS KIT AND HEMINGBECK ARE WHISKED TO SAFETY...



HERE YOU ARE,
SIR, SAFE
AND SOUND.



BOON...

SORRY I
LOOKED SUSPICIOUS,
BOYS. I STAYED INCOGNITO
SO THE CADETS WOULD
ACT NATURAL.

THE LADS
MADE A
MISTAKE, BUT
I BELIEVE
THEY REDEEMED
THEMSELVES WITH
YOUR RESCUE.



YES INDEED.
I'LL SEND YOU
BOTH AUTOGRAPHEO
COPIES OF MY
BOOK!

GOOO!
IT'LL REMIND
US ALL NOT
TO MAKE
ACCUSATIONS WITH-
OUT REAL EVIDENCE.

IT'LL JUST
REMINDE ME
THAT I WAS
A SOAPY
DOPE!



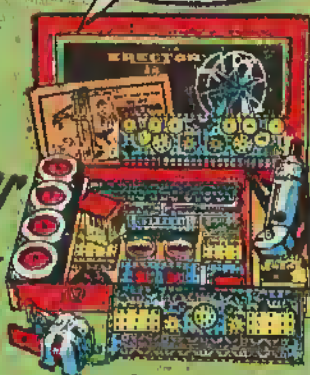
BOYS!

Look at all
the
Spectacular
Buzz-With-
Action
Models you can build
with

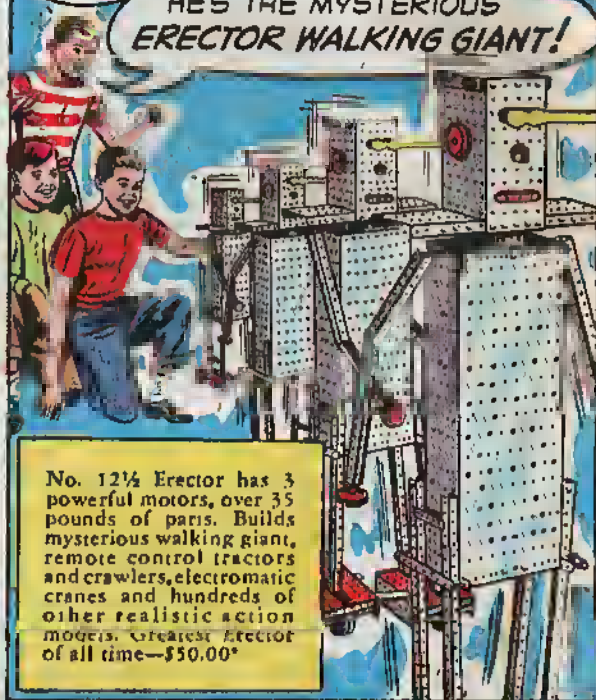
ERECTOR®

Developed at the GILBERT HALL OF SCIENCE

ERECTOR
HAS GIRDERS OF
STEEL—TO
BUILD LIKE REAL!

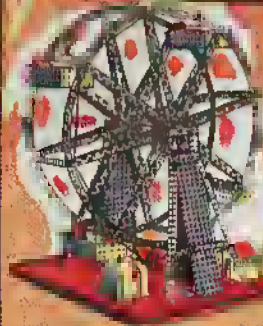


LOOK! HE'S MADE OF METAL!
HE HAS ELECTRIC EYES! HE
WALKS BY REMOTE CONTROL!
HE'S THE MYSTERIOUS
ERECTOR WALKING GIANT!



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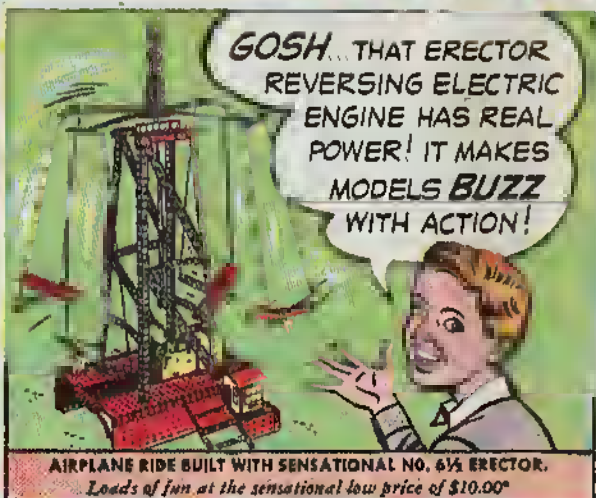
THIS GIANT FERRIS WHEEL HAS
ELECTRIC LIGHTS... OPERATES IN
BOTH DIRECTIONS
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SPEED!



Built with No. 8½ Erector—the All-Electric Set. Most complete engineering outfit Dad can buy for \$19.95*



GOSH... THAT ERECTOR
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ENGINE HAS REAL
POWER! IT MAKES
MODELS BUZZ
WITH ACTION!



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Fun with Erector starts the moment you open the big box and start to assemble girders, wheels, gears and other parts. Erector parts have equidistant holes, so that you just count the holes to put them together. No other construction set builds the square girder with interlocking edges and contains so many parts. Curved, straight and giant steel girders. Metal base plates. Real engineering bolts and nuts. 5 kinds of gears. Electric engine. Electro-magnet. Electric lights. Engineer's shack. Boiler shells. Giant flywheel parts. Automobile wheels. See the new Erectors wherever toys are sold.

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EXCITING
BOOK WILL
HOLD YOU
SPELLBOUND



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Pub. Inc.

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Gilbert Hall of Science
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Name

Street

City State

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WHEN IN NEW YORK, VISIT THE GILBERT HALL OF SCIENCE, FIFTH AVE. AND 25TH ST. ADMISSION FREE!



BABA, the alligator, lie baking in the mud while the semi-tropical sun beat down upon the Louisiana swamp. His eyes were almost closed.

Steam rose from the warm, wet earth and filtered up through the ferns and palmettoes. Long streams of Spanish moss hung listlessly from cypress limbs, looking like thousands of gray beards. But Baba was not watching the moss. Nor was he watching the dark waters of Tangipahoa River which moved silently by on their way to the big lake, concealing in their depths multitudes of turtles, eels, gars, and fish.

Like a log Baba lay, his tail pointed away from the river and partly concealed by a growth of soft, green ferns. His light-gray belly was mashed into the mud, and his four short-but powerful legs were folded close under his sides and completely hidden from view.

Close on his right ran a muddy path, and his head was cocked slightly to the right so that through the slits of his almost-closed eyes he could see back on the path. The dirty-gray coloring of his scaly hide resembled so closely a ridge of mud that one would have to look carefully to tell the difference. Extending back from his tail was a rotten log, and its appearance was so similar to Baba's that it was almost impossible to see where one left off and the other began.

Baba peered steadily along the path. Not

a muscle twitched. For days he had watched a young pig come down that path in the late afternoon to drink at the river. With great care he had wriggled his eight feet of bulk into this strategic position, and now what did a few hours of waiting matter? A supper of fresh, tender pork would well repay his vigil.

Suddenly he heard a soft sound of moving feet. The slit of his eyes opened a little wider. Nothing could be seen yet, but the sound came closer. There was the unmistakable sucking noise of small feet being pulled out of soft mud, and the mushy sound of their being pushed in again.

"Here he comes," thought Baba. "Only a few minutes more." Drops of saliva moistened the inside of his huge mouth. The muscles of his long body became tense, but there was no visible motion. A glint of eagerness appeared in the slit of his eyes.

A series of short grunts in a high key announced the young pig. Its long, tapering snout pushed its way between the ferns. It appeared about twelve inches tall, and was spotted, black and white. It plodded on, eyes straight ahead. Right alongside Baba it walked.

Suddenly, when the pig was almost to Baba's head, the scene flashed alive. Every muscle in Baba's body seemed to move at once. The legs pushed the body upward, free of the mud. The long, wide jaws flew open. The tail, as long as all the rest of

its body, swung like a huge club to the right. The flat, hard side of the tail struck the pig a terrific blow. It fell between the iron jaws of the giant reptile. Only a short, faint squeal was heard. The jaws closed with crunching force and Baba straightened himself out to enjoy his supper.

A brown thrush, with a screech of fright, fluttered from a branch overhead. A large bullfrog sprang from the bank and plumped into the river's dark water. A turtle slid from its perch on a log and disappeared beneath the surface. A fat, stubtailed moccasin raised its head, cast its beady eyes over the scene, then twisted lazily away under the bushes. A blue kingfisher screamed its warning of conflict and winged its way downstream.

The little pig was gone. Baba settled back into his original position and let his eyes slide shut while he continued to bask in the sun and enjoy the feeling of food. The swamp noises grew normal. He slept.

Suddenly a sound awakened him. His eyes flew open, and then craftily the lids closed halfway. Coming along the path was the sound again of feet in the mud.

"Ah," thought Baba, "another pig, maybe." The glint returned to his eyes. "I could use another juicy piece of meat and then sleep for hours."

The palmetto fronds that hung together over the path parted. Baba's eyelids jerked wide, then closed to a narrow slit.

"A fawn," he said to himself. "A tender, spotted fawn. I've never tasted venison but he looks delicious."

With quick steps the young deer approached. When it reached the fatal spot where the little pig had met its fate, Baba again sprang into action. The wicked jaws opened wide. The murderous tail swang like Babe Ruth's bat. A terrified scream, almost like a woman's cry, rent the air. But Baba got a surprise. The fawn did not fall

between his jaws.

At the first sign of motion the young deer began its jump. This raised it higher than the 'gator's mouth. When the club-like tail struck, it knocked the fawn sprawling into the mud about four feet ahead of Baba's nose. With an exhaled grunt of disgust and anticipation the alligator pushed forward with its stubby legs.

Then the miracle happened. The taller palmettoes parted and a big buck leaped down the path. For an instant it paused, his ten-point rack proudly aloft. His nostrils were distended. His blazing eyes searched the scene. Then he sprang. He landed astride the huge alligator. Raising his front feet high into the air he brought their sharp hoofs down on Baba's head with terrific force. Again and again he rose and repeated the assault.

The powerful body of the 'gator switched and twisted. He caught the huck off balance and with a desperate swing knocked him into the bushes. With lightning speed the deer was back at him. Relentlessly he pounded. Reaching back to the softer part of Baba's body the sharp hoofs cut slashes in the scaly leather hide. Desperately the battle continued. The ferns and palmettoes were pounded into the mud.

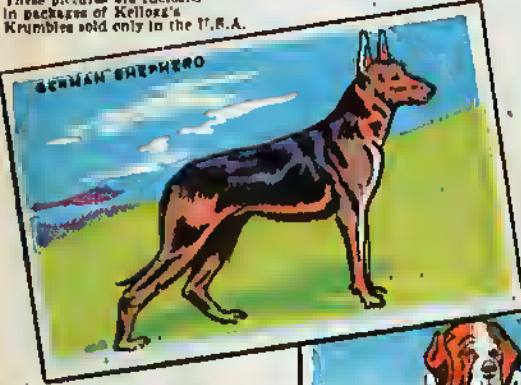
After awhile the great alligator lay still. The buck ceased to pound. For several moments he stood watching for any remaining sign of life. Gradually his muscles relaxed. He looked at the fawn. It struggled to its feet, its eyes dilated, its breath rapid. It limped up the path.

The big huck glared once more at the dead alligator, glanced down at a wound on his own leg, licked it deliberately with his tongue, turned, and with a snort of contempt walked proudly after the fawn.

THE END

Hey Kids! Start Collecting This Swell Set of 24 DOG PICTURES!

These pictures are enclosed
in packages of Kellogg's
Krumbles sold only in the U.S.A.



GET THIS ALBUM FOR YOUR DOG
PICTURES! Send one top
from Kellogg's Krumbles
and 10¢ to Kellogg Com-
pany, Dept. 79-M, Battle
Creek, Mich.



Kellogg's KRUMBLES
A PICTURE IN EVERY PACKAGE!

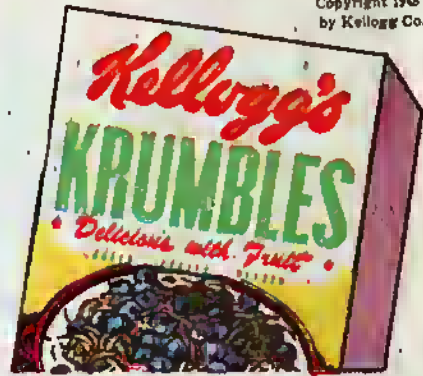
You love swell-tasting cereal!
You want this swell set of 24
different dog pictures, too! Get
'em both with Kellogg's Krumbles
—the malty-tasting cereal!

**NO MONEY TO SEND! NO BOX TOPS!
NO WAITING — NOT EVEN A MINUTE!**

In every box of Krumbles,
you'll find one of these colorful,
true-to-life dog pictures — over
3 times the size you see here.
Famous breeds of dogs! Terriers,
setters, collies!

Fun to save! Fun to swap! No
extra cost! Ask mom to buy
Kellogg's Krumbles today...rich
in whole-wheat nourishment.
Good for you.

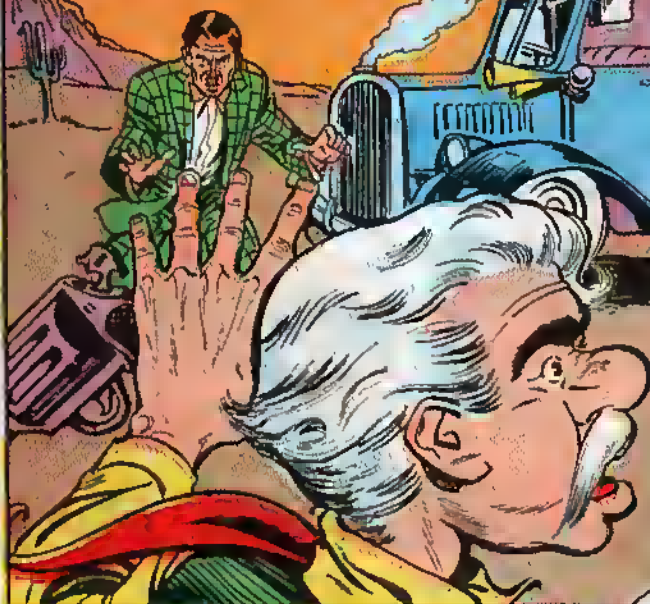
Copyright 1948
by Kellogg Co.



BULL'S-EYE

A BARNSTORMING SHOWMAN SPEEDS NOISILY INTO TOWN, AND BEFORE BULL'S-EYE BILL RINGS DOWN THE CURTAIN ON HIS SHOW, SOME QUEER EVENTS TAKE PLACE!

CHICK PATTER
OLD-TIME STAR
OF
VAUDEVILLE



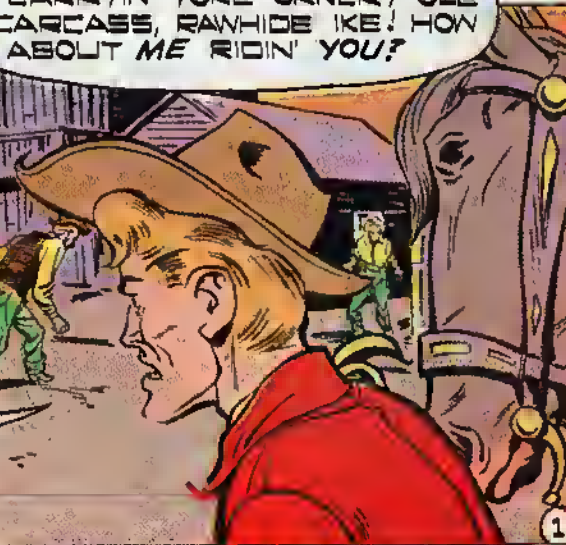
GATHER 'ROUND, FOLKS. I'M ABOUT TO GIVE YOU SOME HIGH-CLASS ENTERTAINMENT!

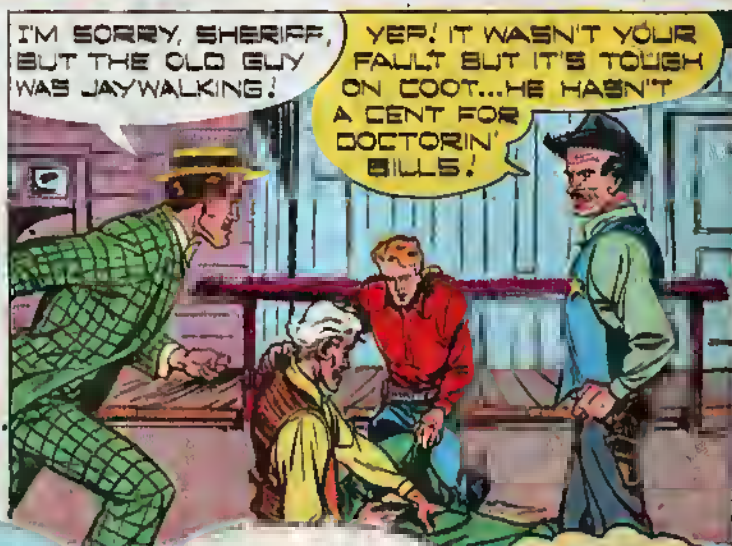
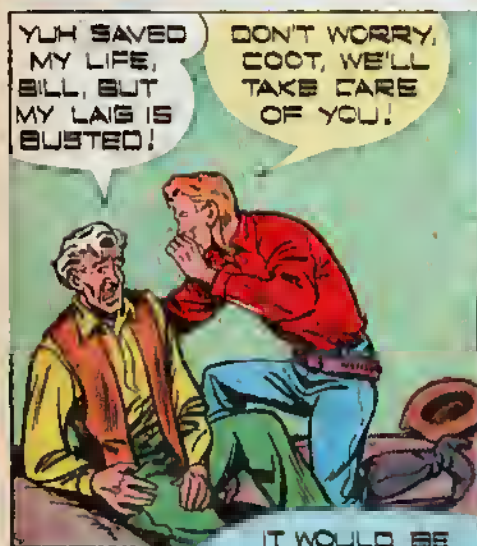
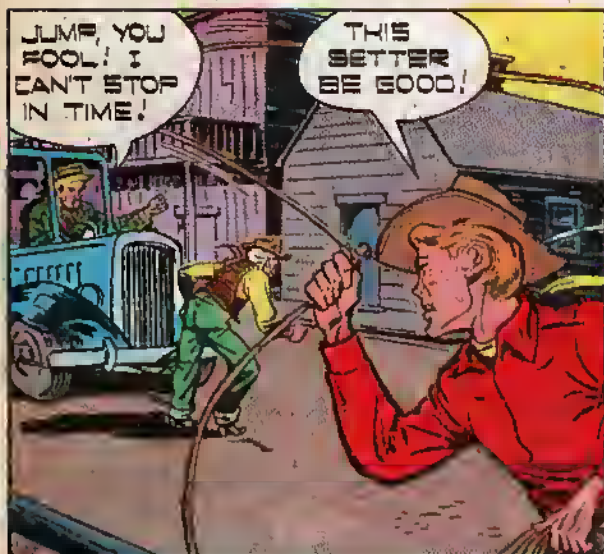
OUT OF THE WAY, OLD-TIMER!

I'M PLUMS TIRED O' CARRYIN' YORE ORNERY OLE CARCASS, RAWHIDE IKE! HOW ABOUT ME RIDIN' YOU?



TOOT HARDER IS TOO DEAF TO HEAR THAT HORN BLOWING! HE'LL BE HIT!





SOON...

I HAVE TO GO TO THE RANCH, COOT, BUT RAWHIDE IKE WILL REPRESENT ME AT THE BENEFIT SHOW.

STORE IS NICE O' PATTY TO DO THIS!

THE SHOW BEGINS.

LOOKS LIKE A FULL HOUSE, PATTY! I HEAR TODAY IS PAY DAY, TOO! THINK COOT HARDER'S FRIENDS WILL BE GENEROUS?

I HOPE SO... FOR COOT'S SAKE!

I'M CONTRIBUTING MY SERVICES, FOLKS, BY SINGIN' AND DANCIN'! BUT WHAT THAT POOR, LONELY OLD MAN NEEDS IS MONEY... LOTS OF MONEY!

GIVE TILL IT HURTS! MAKE THAT BROKEN-DOWN OLD RANGE-RIDER HAPPY!

WOW! WHAT A TAKE! MORE DOUGH THAN I MAKE IN A YEAR!

HERE'S MY BANK-ROLL, PARD!

SAME HERE!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, BILL RETURNS TO TOWN.

PATTY COLLECTED HUNDREDS FOR COOT, BILL.

GLAD TO HEAR IT, IKE...LET'S GO SEE HOW COOT'S MAKIN' OUT!

AT COOT'S...

HE MUST HAVE SKIPPED TOWN WITH YOUR BENEFIT MONEY!

NOPE, PATTY DIDN'T GIVE ME A CENT! BUT I SEEN HIM DRIVE PAST, HEADIN' SOUTH.

THE GOL-DANGED CROOK! HE'S
EOT MY MONTH'S SALARY!

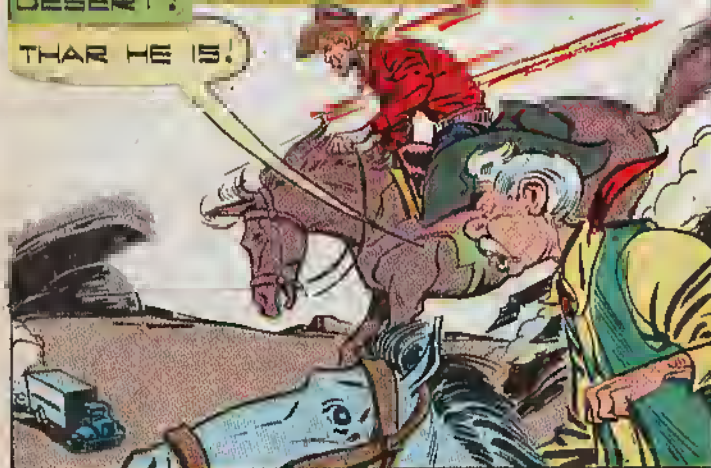


A MOMENT LATER...



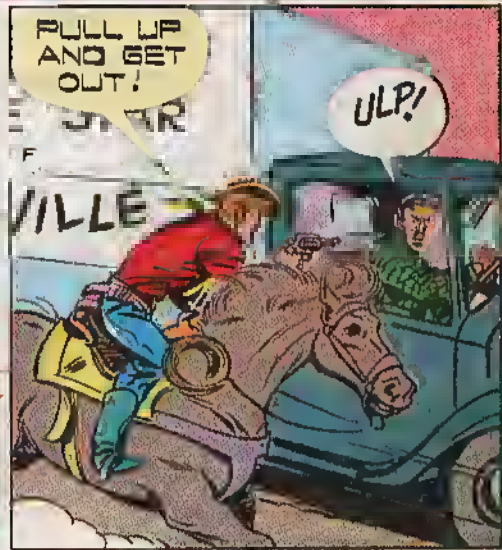
A HARD RIDE THROUGH THE HILLS
BRINGS THEM TO THE EDGE OF THE
DESERT!

THAT IS IT!



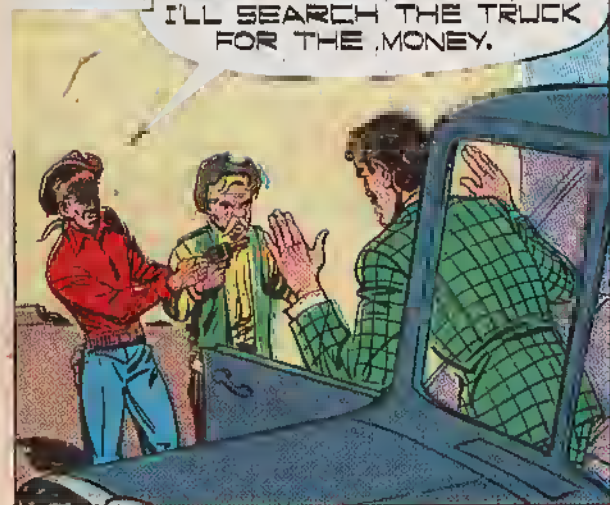
PULL UP
AND GET
OUT!

ULP!



SOON...

KEEP HIM COVERED, IKE.
I'LL SEARCH THE TRUCK
FOR THE MONEY.

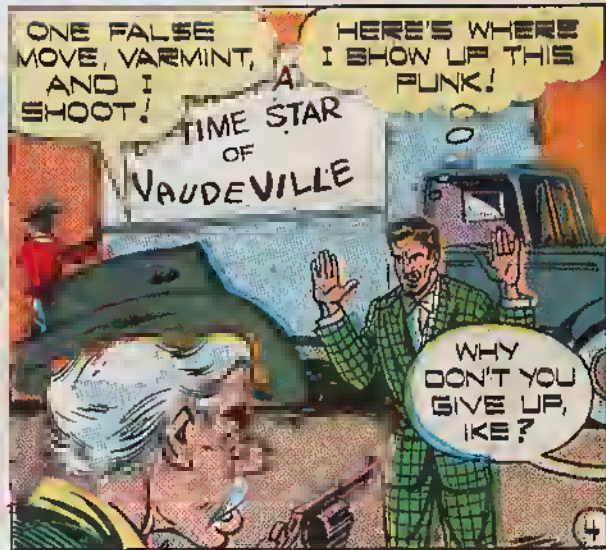


ONE FALSE
MOVE, VARMINT,
AND I
SHOOT!

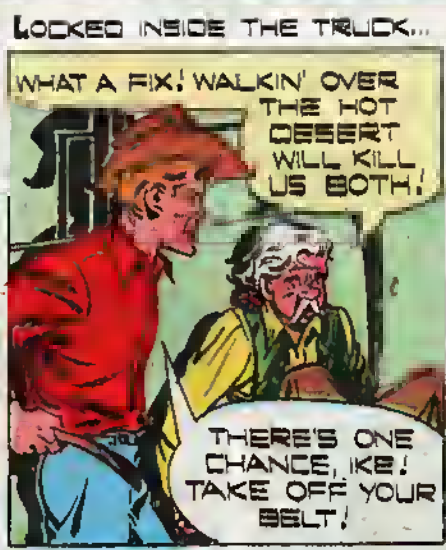
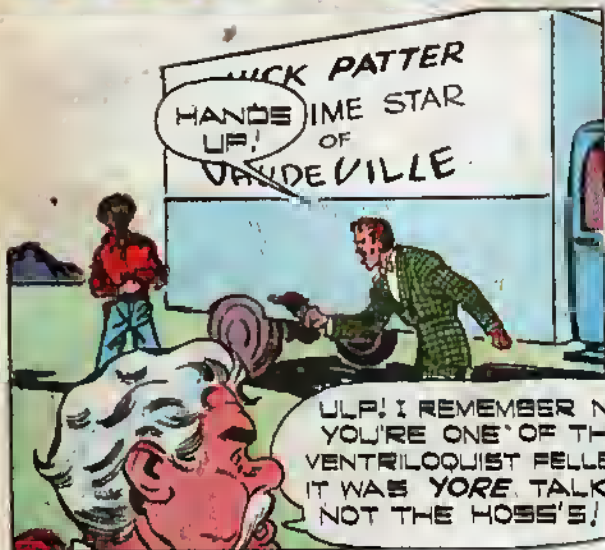
HERE'S WHERE
I SHOW UP THIS
PUNK!

TIME STAR
OF
VAUDEVILLE

WHY
DON'T YOU
GIVE UP,
IKE?

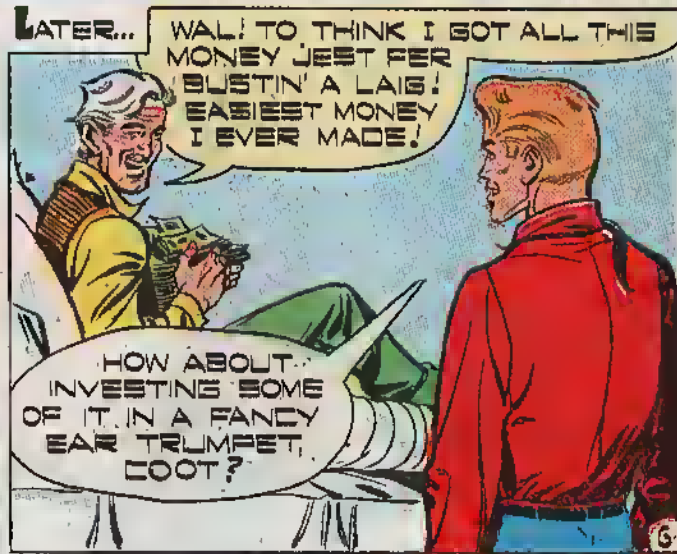
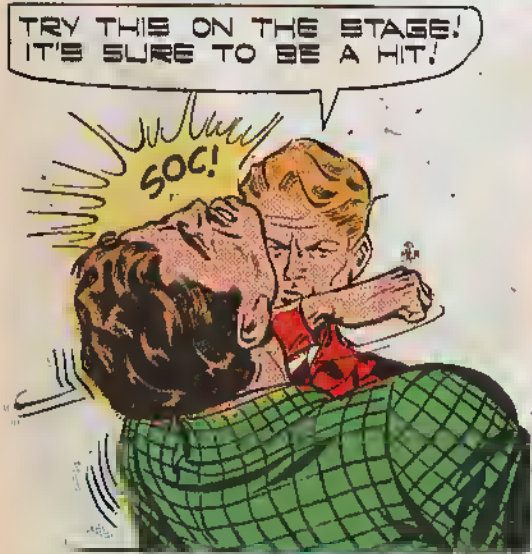
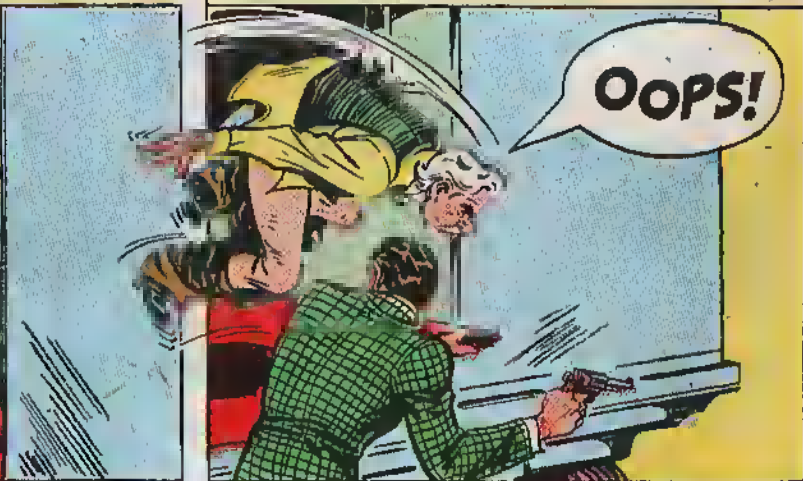


Q 5 What general commanded all American troops in Europe in World War 2? Hint above!

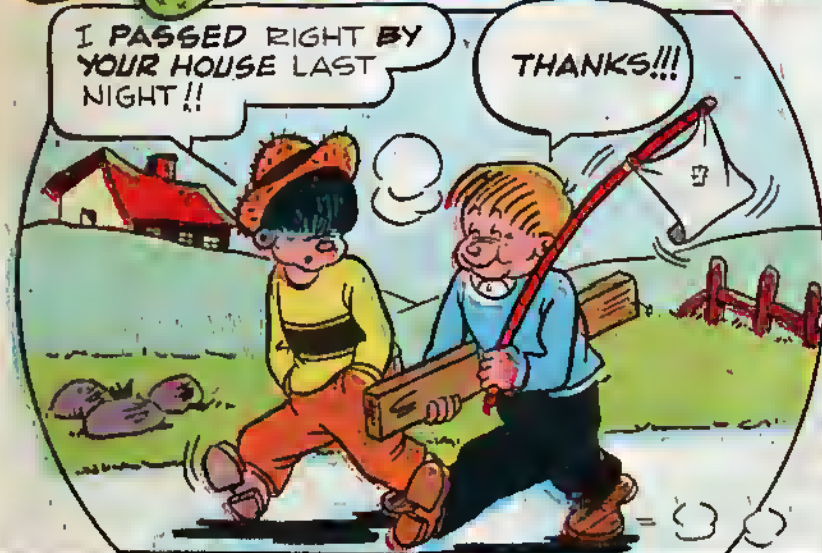
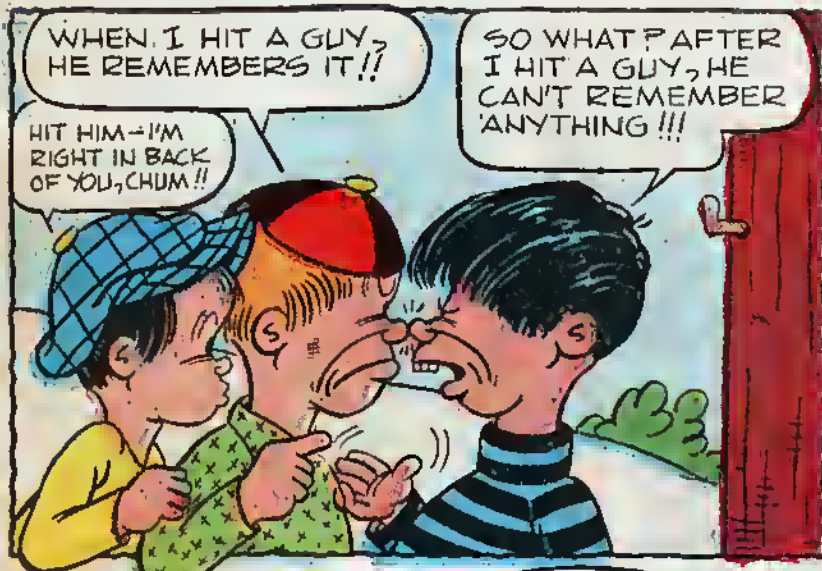


HOURS LATER, FAR OUT IN THE DESERT, THE TRUCK HALTS.

AS IKE STEPS FORWARD, HIS PANTS SLIP DOWN AND TRIP HIM.



HOW ABOUT INVESTING SOME OF IT IN A FANCY EAR TRUMPET, COOT?



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SENT FREE.... The Service "SELECT-A-POLICY" insurers please in years for the thing. No cost. No obligation. Send BY MAIL! No agent will call. Just write—

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Dept. 833

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WESTERN CRAFTSMEN • Dept. 250-A Omaha 2, Nebraska

\$2.98 POST PAID



DINK

HEY, BIFF! LOOK WHAT I GOT! A GENU-WINE ARTIST'S DRAWING PAD!!!

SO WOT?

SO WOT, HE SAYS!! HA! HA! I'M GONNA BE AN ARTIST, THAT'S WOT!!!

YOU AN ARTIST- WHY YOU CAN'T EVEN DRAW YER OWN BREATH!!!

HO! HO!

OH, YEAH- WELL WISE GUY, I'M GONNA LOOK 'ROUND RIGHT NOW FER SUMPIN' TO DRAW!!!

ER-COULD I COME ALONG AND MAYBE WATCH, PAL???

OK, COME ON! MAYBE IF YOU WATCH ME, YOU'LL LEARN TO BE AN ARTIST TOO!!!

HOW ABOUT DRAWIN' A VIEW FROM UP HERE, DINK? BEAUTIFUL, ISN'T IT???

NOT BAD-BUT NOT GOOD ENOUGH!!!

WHY NOT DRAW THIS TREE, HUH?

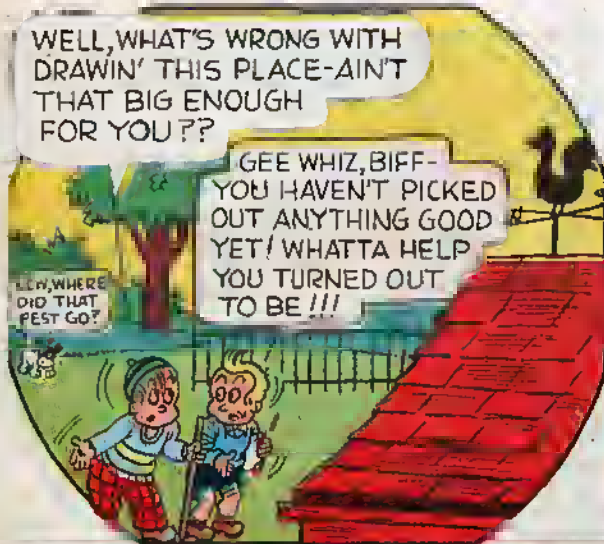
AW, WHO EVER HEARD OF DRAWIN' TREES? I WANNA DRAW 'SOMETHIN' BIG! NO KID STUFF FER ME!!!

MILT HAMMER

WELL, WHAT'S WRONG WITH DRAWIN' THIS PLACE-AIN'T THAT BIG ENOUGH FOR YOU??

GEE WHIZ, BIFF- YOU HAVEN'T PICKED OUT ANYTHING GOOD YET! WHATTA HELP YOU TURNED OUT TO BE!!!

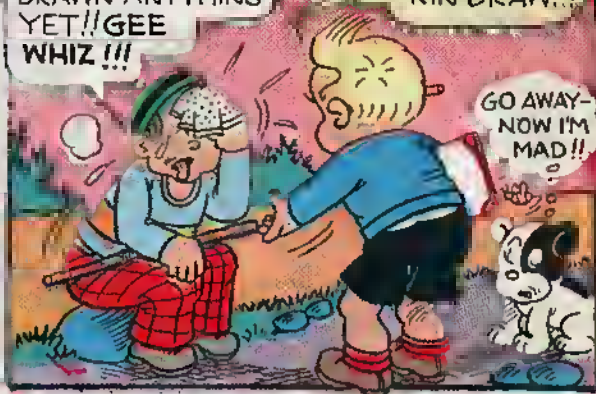
LEW, WHERE DID THAT PEST GO?



WHEE! WE'VE BEEN WALKING FER THREE HOURS, I BET, 'N' YOU STILL HAVEN'T DRAWN ANYTHING YET!! GEE WHIZ!!!

DON'T YOU KNOW WE ARTISTS HAVE TO GET AN INSPIRATION BEFORE WE KIN DRAW!!!

GO AWAY- NOW I'M MAD!!



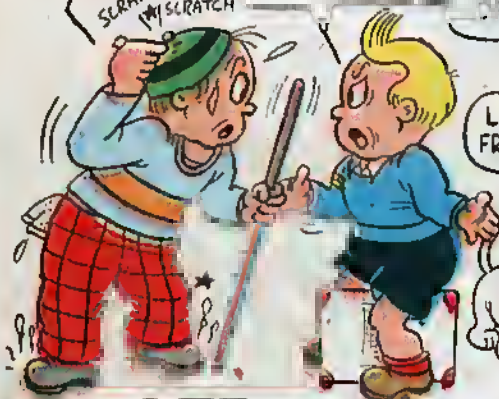
IN-SPER-ATION!! WOT'S THAT, DINK, HUH??

GEE WHIZ- DON'T YOU KNOW NOTHIN'? IT'S SOMETHIN' THAT ALL ARTISTS HAVE TO HAVE FIRST BEFORE THEY KIN DRAW!!!

SCRATCH SCRATCH

LET'S BE FRIENDS, HUH?

OK!!



AW, LET'S GO HOME! I'M GETTING HUNGRY!!

OK! I'M HUNGRY TOO! MAYBE WE'LL SEE SOMETHING WE MISSED ON THE WAY BACK!!!

LET'S GO, PAL!!



LOOK, BIFF- THAT'S WHAT YOU CALL AN INSPIRATION!! NOW WATCH ME DRAW!!!

I THINK I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN!!



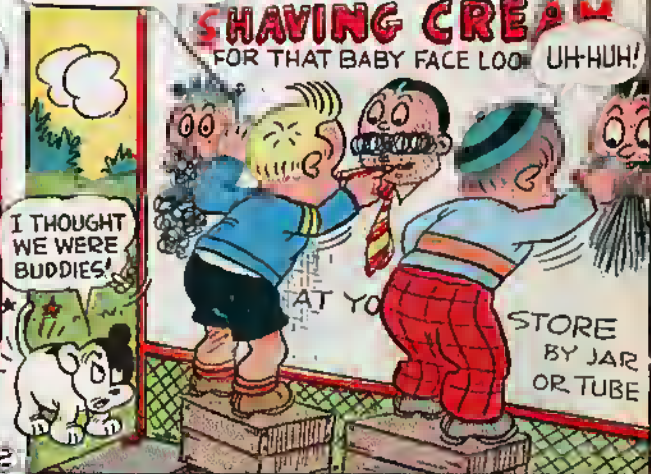
SEE WHAT I MEAN, BIFF?

USE HAIRLESS SHAVING CREAM FOR THAT BABY FACE LOOK!! UH-HUH!!

I THOUGHT WE WERE BUDDIES!

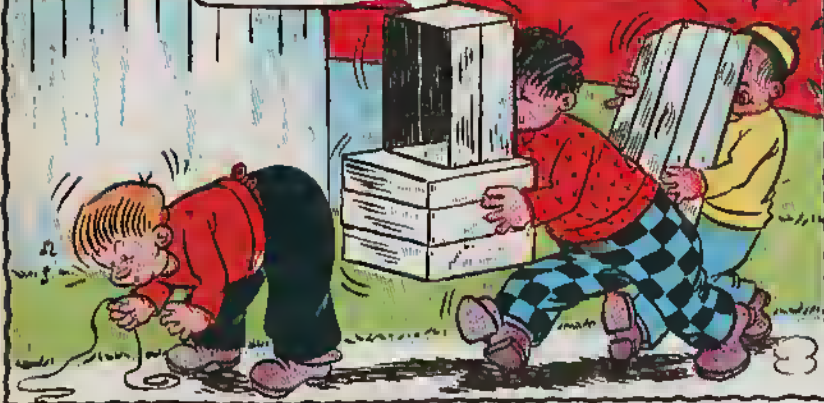
AT YOU

STORE BY JAR OR TUBE



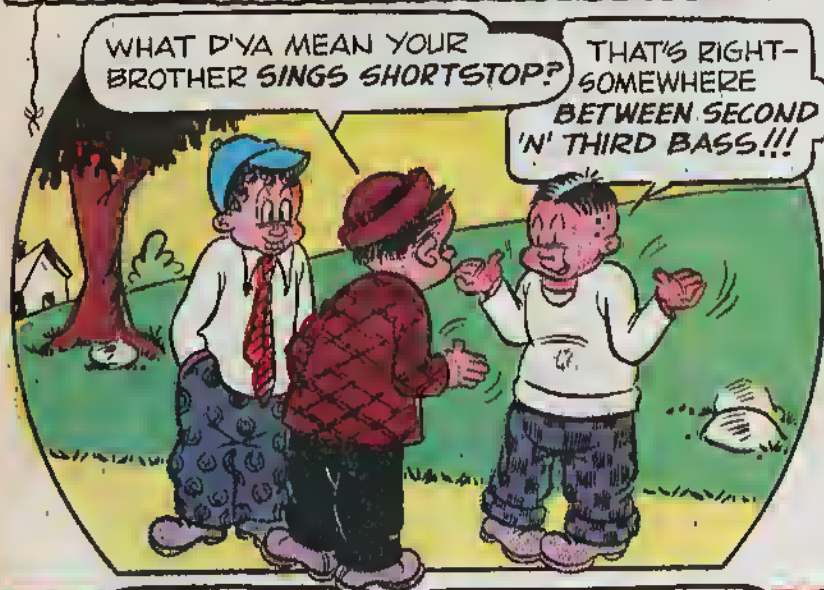
WHAT'S SO SMART
ABOUT YOUR CANARY
TAKING A BATH IN
A SAUCER ???

CAN YOU DO
IT, WISE
GUY ???



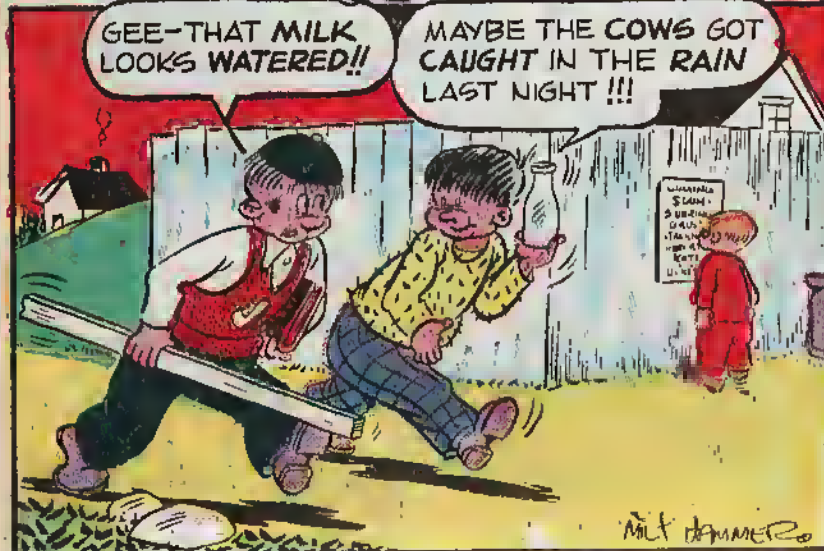
WHAT D'YA MEAN YOUR
BROTHER SINGS SHORSTOP?

THAT'S RIGHT-
SOMEWHERE
BETWEEN SECOND
'N' THIRD BASS!!!



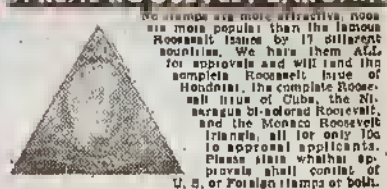
GEE-THAT MILK
LOOKS WATERED!!

MAYBE THE COWS GOT
CAUGHT IN THE RAIN
LAST NIGHT !!!



WORLD'S RAREST STAMP! Everyone would like to see the world's rarest postage stamp, valued at \$35,000. Most albums have a place for this 1-pancy red stamp of British Guinea of 1856. But, only one is known to exist! So that every collector may have a reproduction copy of the world's rarest stamp for their album, we have designed from the original plate, an exact copy in color of this \$35,000 stamp beauty. We will send one, without charge, together with a collection of 100 different guaranteed genuine stamps of the world, for only 10c to approval applicants. Only 1 order per person. WM. PENN STAMP CO., P.O. Box 303, Philadelphia 3, Pa. Dept. 462.

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\$2.98
POST
PAID
1114 1110

HAVE YOU ANY EVENING CLOTHES??

SURE-I HAVE A
PAIR OF GREEN
PAJAMAS!!!



GARY STARK

by
DON
RICO

KIDNAPPED BY
ZALE STORM!
THAT'S THE SITUATION
GARY STARK IS IN AS
HE FINDS HIMSELF
HOODWINKED BY THE
QUEEN OF THE SMUGGLERS...
AND HER SIDEKICK,
BENNY THE MULE!



TARGET COMICS

WITH GALE'S
GUN
POINTED AT
HIM, GARY
SPEEDS NORTH
OUT OF
NEW YORK...

HEY! TAKE IT
EASY,
STARK! I DON'T
WANT ANY COPS STOPPING
US FOR SPEEDING!

YOU SURE MADE A CHUMP
OUT OF ME... LETTING ME
THINK YOU WERE PANAMA
CONDON, AND HAVING
ME MEET YOU WITH
THIS CAR! WHAT'S
YOUR GAME, ANYWAY?



SINCE YOU AND YOUR
PALS BROKE UP MY
DIAMOND SMUGGLING
GAME, THE COPS ARE
HOT ON MY TRAIL!
I CAN'T FIND A HIDEOUT!
SO I'M USING YOU TO
MAKE MY GETAWAY!

BUT YOU CAN'T
HIDE **FOREVER**.
THEY'LL CATCH
UP WITH YOU
SOONER OR
LATER!

MAYBE
SO!
MEANWHILE,
KEEP GOING!

TURN UP
THIS DIRT
ROAD,
KID!



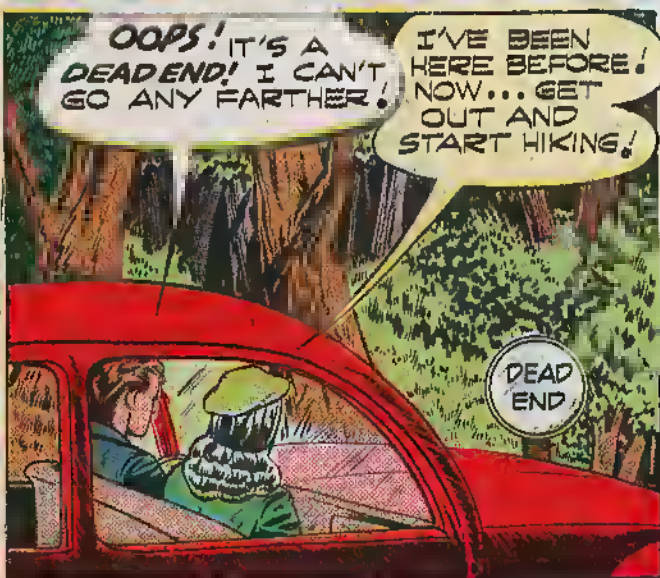
OOPS! IT'S A
DEADEND! I CAN'T
GO ANY FARTHER!

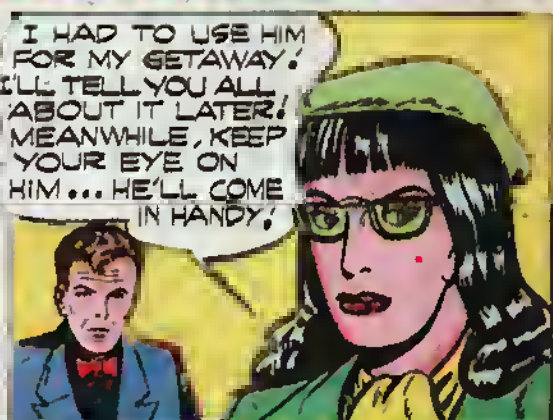
I'VE BEEN
HERE BEFORE!
NOW... GET
OUT AND
START HIKING!

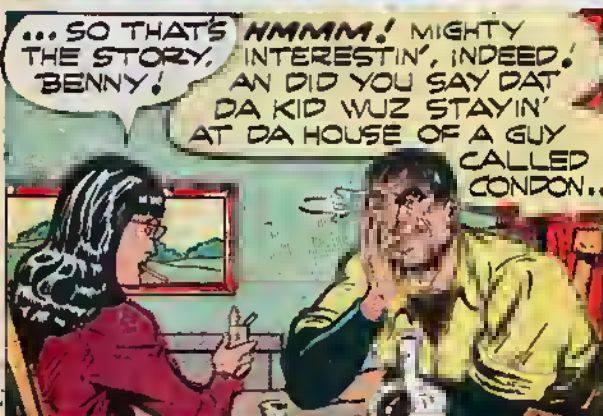
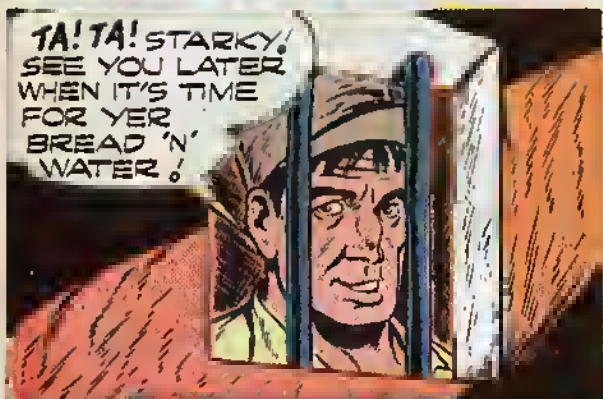
DEAD
END

OH BOY! THERE'S
A HOUSE!
YOUR GAME'S UP,
GIRLIE!

SHUT YOUR
TRAP AND
KEEP GOING!







Q 7 Riddle: That boy's father is my father's son. Who is he? Hint above!

DON'T GET ANY BIG IDEAS, BENNY! I'M IN ENOUGH TROUBLE AS IT IS! I DON'T WANT ANY KIDNAPPING RAP HUNG ON ME....! BESIDES, I DON'T WANT TO ABUSE THE KID TOO MUCH...I JUST WANT TO USE HIM TO GUARANTEE MY BETRAYAL!

FER DA LUVVA PETE! WOT'S EATIN' YOU, ZALE? GETTIN' SOFT? SINCE WHEN ARE YOU TOININ' DOWN EASY DOUGH?

THAT'S ENOUGH, BENNY!

PULL A GUN ON ME, HUH? WHY YOU... GIMME DAT GAT BEFORE I BREAK YER ARM!

OH!



YOU LOW-DOWN DOUBLE-CROSSER!

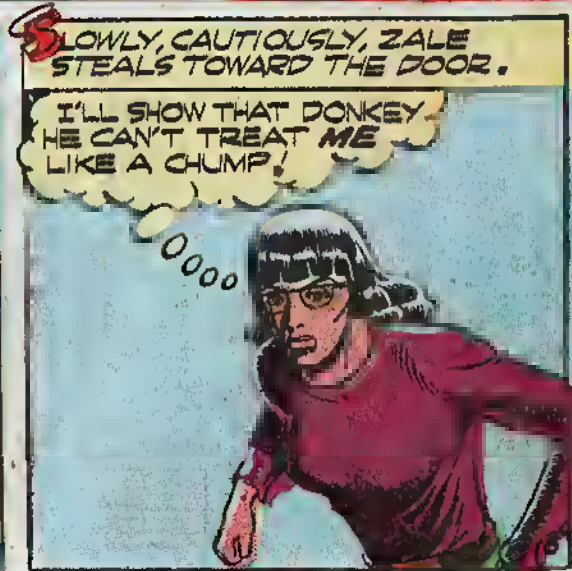
YOU KNOW, YOU JUST GAVE ME ANUDDER IDEA! FOIST...I'LL GIT RANSOM MONEY ON DA KID... AN' DEN... COLLECT DA REWARD FOR TURNIN' YOU IN! CLEVER, HUH?

DEY DON'T CALL ME BENNY DA MULE FOR NUTTIN'. I BEEN HIDIN' OUT FER A LONG TIME NOW! IT'S TIME I GOT BACK TO DA BIG DOUGH AN' DIS IS MY CHANCE! I AIN'T PASSIN' IT UP.

ZALE TRIES A SUDDEN DASH FOR FREEDOM.

HEY! COME BACK HERE!





ONCE
OUTSIDE,
SHE
DASHES
FOR THE
WOODS!

MADE IT! NOW WATCH
MY SMOKE!



BUT IN
THE DARK,
SHE KNOCKS
OVER A
PAIL!

DOGGONE!

BANG!

EH? WHAT'S THAT?
ZALE! WHERE ARE YOU? DON'T
TRY TO GET
AWAY FROM ME,
YOU WITCH!

AND BENNY STUMBLES OUT INTO
THE DARKNESS AFTER ZALE!

I'LL GET YOU!
... AND WHEN
I DO...!

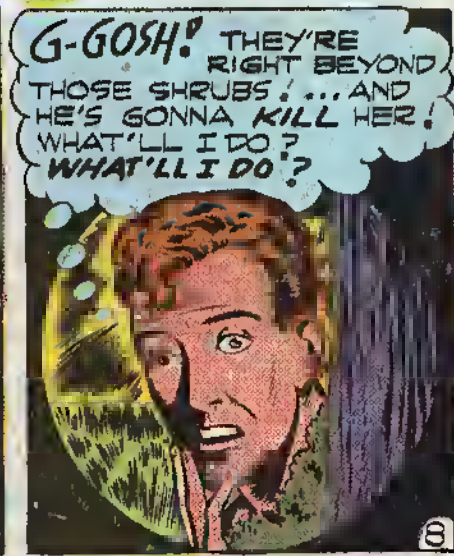
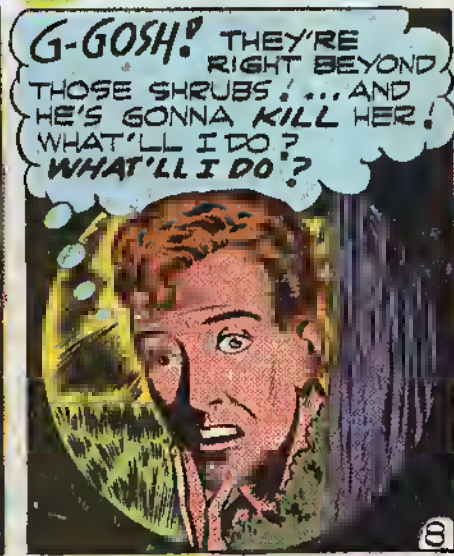
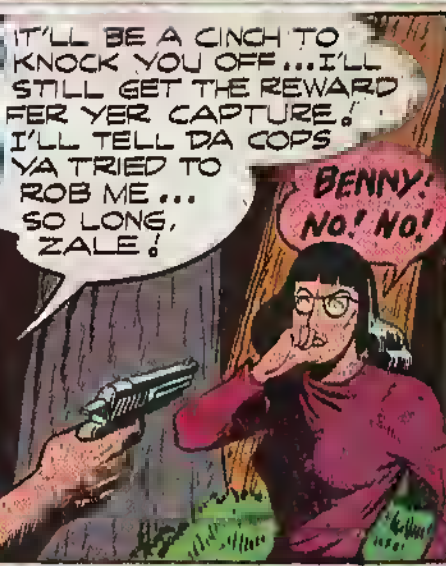
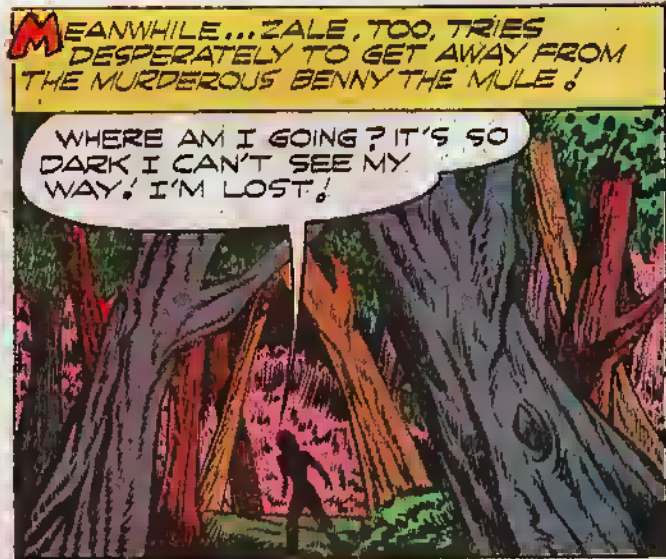
GARY HAS
BEEN
AWAKE ALL
THE WHILE,
WAITING
FOR A
CHANCE
TO
ESCAPE.

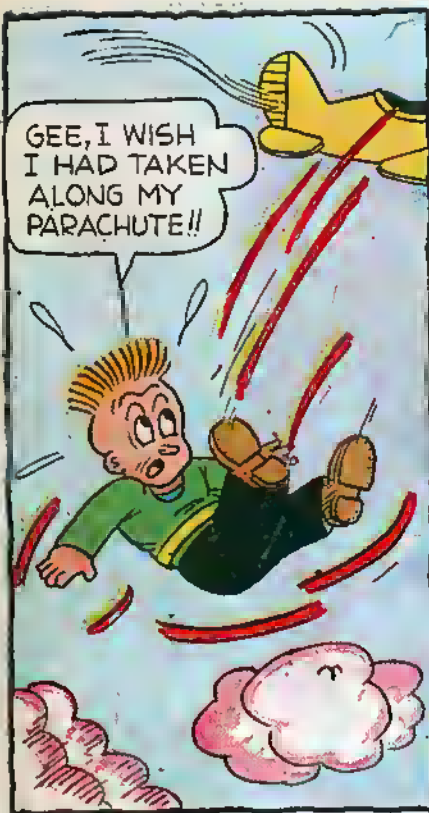
AHA! MORE FALLING
OUT! WITH A
LITTLE LUCK, THIS
SHOULD BE A
BREAK FOR
ME! LET'S
GO!

A BIT OF WORK WITH
THIS STOOL SHOULD
FINISH THAT DOOR
FAST ENOUGH!

BOY! THE DOOR'S
BREAKING
UP!







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SLINKY IS ALMOST ALIVE!

ORDER MY SLINKY TODAY, DADDY!

OH BOY! SLINKY SHOOTS UP—AND ZIPS BACK!

WATCH 'EM WALK!

COME ON COME ON FASTER!

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YIPEEE I WIN

HOURS OF FUN FOR ALL

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☐ Enclosed \$_____. You pay postage.

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Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

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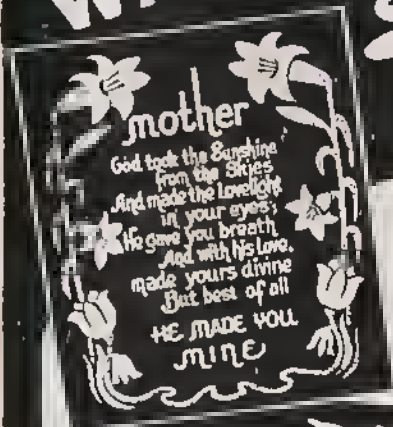
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4932 Portico Street, Philadelphia 44, Pa.

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